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EASTER MORNING.

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

A gentle tumult in the earth.
 A murmur in the trees,
 An odor faint, but passing sweet,
 Upon the morning breeze,—
 The heralds these, whom thou dost send,
 Dear spring, that we may know
 How soon the land, from side to side,
 Shall with thy beauty glow.

And 'tis by tokens faint as these,
 O Truth that makest free,
 That thou dost give assurance strong
 Of better things to be;
 Of higher faith and holier trust;
 Of love more deep and wide;
 Of hope, whose anchor shall not break,
 Whatever storms betide!

REMINISCENCES OF LADD.

GRINNELL, Io., March 9, 1891.

My Dear Brother:

Your notice in the March *ADVOCATE* of "private papers and possibly an unpublished memoir of WILLIAM LADD," of which you found a clue lately in Portsmouth, N. H., recalled that good and noble man most vividly. He is associated with my college life at Bowdoin, 1837-41, and with delightful sessions of the "Maine Conference" of yore. I cannot recall distinctly the time or incidents of his visit to Brunswick, and his addresses in town and college, save his being a guest of Prof. Upham at the white house "on the hill," and the warm and hearty impressiveness of his words. Laymen were not then so ready to speak for Christ as now, nor even ministers to set forth the Gospel of Peace, and the natural eloquence, wit and genial piety of one who bore the title of "Captain" struck us all very powerfully.

I can see in the glass of memory this moment, the open countenance, the benign smile, the fatherly presence of the "Apostle of Peace," and hear his cheery, manly, winning, ringing voice without an effort. There is a faint impression with me—which I cannot verify—that there was some religious interest then, which was not common; but I am sure he spoke to us students on personal religion in a moving and powerful way. To be such a Christian as he was, seemed to many of us a grand and desirable thing.

It must have been before this that at a meeting of the General Conference—place and time forgotten—that the Moderator announced that those advertised to speak on temperance and anti-slavery had failed, but that "Capt. Ladd" had consented to take their places. He had already spoken once or twice (on peace certainly) to the great delight of all, but came forward with his glowing and magnetic smile, saying: "My heart is so full of all these good things that if you tap it on any side it can run ten or fifteen minutes." His mastery of anecdote, allusion, and of pat, idiomatic expression made it a matter of indifference to the assembly on what topic he spoke. He held all our hearts in his hand. With a boy's enthusiasm for natural eloquence, and an unconverted boy's wonder that religion could make even a layman so eloquent, I had stamped upon my heart an image of captivating, manly

persuasion, that is fresh after half a century. Pious people said, "God bless Capt. Ladd," and my soul responded.

Yours ever for the cause,

GEO. F. MAGOUN.

A BOOK AND A REVIEW.

Rev. Dr. A. P. Peabody, whom everybody about Boston knows, admires and loves, was eighty years old on the 19th of March. His birthday will be marked by the publication, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of what he regards as his final book, entitled "King's Chapel Sermons," comprising about thirty discourses, which he has given in this famous Boston church within the few past years. Dr. Peabody is what is known as a "Channing Unitarian."

Thomas Hill, D. D., ex-President of Harvard College, has published a striking review of some of the results of what is called "the higher criticism" of the Bible. He, like James F. Clark and E. H. Sears, is satisfied that the scholarship that pronounces the fourth gospel not written by John and to be the product of a subsequent age is not sound. He says, like Dr. Clark, he was glad on thorough investigation to find the proofs so satisfactory. He deprecates a favorite maxim of scientific investigators viz., that the mind of the student should be utterly indifferent to the result. He thinks that would be equivalent to saying, that he should be a natural born fool!

D'scoveries are made and inventions perfected by sending out the imagination propelled by feeling, to "prospect" the unknown land. Experiment follows and confirms or disproves the hypotheses. To be indifferent to a result in anything in which interest or ambition or comfort is involved, is to be unhuman or superhuman. Recent demonstrations by the spade in Egypt seem to corroborate the statements of Genesis and show that Moses was the author of the first five books of the Bible. Who is sorry?

JOHN WESLEY.

Put John Wesley into commercial scales and weigh him, and there is not gold enough in the Bank of England to measure his value. He saved England a bloody revolution; he awakened the national conscience; he aroused a dying church; he stirred into activity a despairing ministry, and set in motion a religious movement which will never lose its power until the world is converted to God. Nothing has impressed me with the greatness of John Wesley's work more than the statement recently made in the *Pall Mall Gazette* that when John Wesley entered Oxford, the English nation numbered twenty-five millions of souls, and to-day the Methodist nation is as large as the English nation was then. If this Methodist nation could rule the world a few years, we would make short work of some of its great evils. The rum traffic would die the death, and wars would cease forever, and

"Some sweet bird of the south
 Would build in every cannon's mouth;
 Till the only sound from its rusty throat
 Would be a wren's or a bluebird's note."

—Rev. C. C. McCabe, D.D., in *Zion's Herald*.